Make You Ravenous

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Make You Ravenous

by DarkDreamsOfHannigram

Summary

Prompt fill requested on Tumblr: “Prompt/Question thing: How does Hannibal feel when he sees Will eat people? My thought is he gets a pleased feeling. Make it as sexual/ smutty as you want or make it a Dom!hannibal fic or make it just Hannibal thoughts.”

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

“The feast is life. You put the life in your belly and you live.” -Sorbet

Hannibal was becoming increasingly concerned about Will’s weight loss. He’d lost more and more of his appetite the more crime scenes he put his mind into. The tipping point had come when Will had consulted in a particularly horrible case of a serial killer who fed his victims to death, force-feeding them until their stomachs ruptured. The smell had been revolting. Understandably, it had put Will off of food entirely. Lately, when Hannibal cooked for Will, he only managed to eat a few bites before apologizing and making excuses to leave. Even their physical relationship had begun to suffer. Hannibal decided upon a plan to fix both of these troublesome issues at once.

Despite his protestations, Hannibal demanded that Will come to his home for dinner that evening. He told Will he’d thought of a sure method to return Will’s appetites to their rightful levels. He’d been approaching the problem all wrong, preparing more and more exotic and elaborate dishes to tempt Will’s palate. It was time to return to basics. Something very simple.

Hannibal’s expert preparation of the meat he’d procured for the evening belied its true source; of course, it wasn’t pork loin with an apple glaze as it appeared, but flesh from a particularly rude antiques dealer. The man had been young and fit, and Hannibal had taken exceptional pleasure at seeing the life flee from his eyes as he dispatched him, hands around his throat. Even the virile and strong were still no match for him. This was pleasing, and the thought of it would please him further still as he gifted the man’s life to Will, who deserved it far more.

Will arrived in the state he had been in a great deal recently - flustered, anxious. But the home cooked meal scent was the kind of thing that would’ve made even the most high-strung person relax at least a little bit, and soon the combination of familiarity and wine and the scent of baking apples soothed Will’s jangled nerves.

“Will, I have something of an unusual form of therapy to try to help you with the recent difficulties you’ve been experiencing with respect to your appetite. You’ve been losing too much weight. I wish to remove the negative associations you’ve made lately with food and replace them with more pleasurable ones. A psychological connection that will erase the temporary unpleasant one that your mind has so unfortunately made. Do you trust me?”

Will replied, “Trust isn’t the issue. I’m just not sure you can fix me so easily. Even you.”

Hannibal smiled mischievously. “I am determined to try.” He left the room, and returned from the kitchen a few moments later with a dish of the glazed pork loin, cut into small pieces. Will raised a curious eyebrow at this. Hannibal set the dish on a table next to where Will was sitting on a plush couch, and sat down beside the perplexed man. He put his hand on Will’s knee and said, “I’m going to ask you to remove your jeans and undershorts, Will. Then sit right here,” he said, patting his leg.

Will said, incredulous, “You want me to take off my jeans...?”

“Yes.”

“...and sit on your lap...?”

“Yes.”

“...and what are you going to do with the food?”

“I’m going to feed you, of course.”

“....while you...?”

“While I give you pleasure, Will.”

“Oh. Ok.”

Even though he was terribly confused by all of this, Will did as he was instructed, removing his jeans and boxer shorts and situating himself on Lecter’s strong legs. Hannibal stroked Will’s stomach, which had become taut and concave. This would not do. With his left hand, Hannibal began softly running a finger up and down Will’s cock, which began to stir from the skilled touch. With his right hand, Hannibal took a piece of the meat and brought it to Will’s lips, still applying feather-light teasing strokes with the other hand; when Will accepted it into his mouth, Hannibal applied a firmer touch. Will was hesitant to eat at first, but became more eager for more stimulation from Lecter’s large and powerful hand. A form of conditioning; another piece, another bite accepted, now a firmer grasp. This was repeated until half the meat was gone, and Hannibal began to let Will’s now fully hard and pulsing cock glide though his hand, up and over the head, slickened by droplets leaking out already; still, he fed Will, who was eating with relish now, licking the glaze from Hannibal’s fingers, sucking the juices, wanting ever more. Hannibal began to slow down when he thought Will was too close; he made sure Will had finished every bite, and continued to suck his fingers before he quickened his pace.

Hannibal took his fingers out of Will’s mouth and felt his belly once again; he was so very gratified to feel a fullness that was absent before. That he’d been able to help Will with this very vexing problem made him feel most content, and he felt himself harden against Will’s ass as it was pressed against him. The life he’d taken, and given to Will, was now where it rightfully belonged, and he caressed the sweet roundness that it had left behind. He rested his head in the crook of the back of Will’s neck, and sighed into it: “I can’t tell you how much you’ve pleased me. Cum for me, Will. Right now.” And with that, Will arched his back, and flooded Lecter’s hand, so hot, in great streams, and he felt the tension of the previous weeks leave him. Will didn’t know why ever doubted that his Doctor and friend would be able to help him.

When Hannibal had taken out of Will the last he’d had to give up, he brought his drenched hand up to his mouth; now it was Hannibal’s turn to taste. He shifted Will off of his lap, and laid him down; Will was quite ready to drift off. He’d let him rest a while, covering him with a blanket. He knew that when Will woke up after a few hours rest, that his sexual desires would have fully returned as well. Hannibal would be most happy to assist in helping Will recover all of his appetites.

End Notes

This is not totally exactly what was asked for in the prompt, but this is where my deranged mind went when I thought about it. Thanks for breaking my brain, fandom. JFC. Seriously though this was fun as hell to write and I hope it’s well-received! And actually my first prompt-fill. Thing. It could actually go later in the sequence of the "Hierarchy of Need" series that I'm already working on.

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